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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1562.

Choice Poetry.

YOU WILL FORGET ME.

A few short years will pass, and you'll forget
Then I who love you better than my soul;
A few short years perhaps, you may regret
How wicked you were thought fair of truth and
word;

You may regret me now, yet happy voice,
That I should doubt a heart's devotion when 'tis
near;
You may remember think of your young lover's
choice,
But then I'll be where none can hear and you'll forget.

You will forget me! other ones will wreathe
Around your sunny form in loving joy;
A fairer brow may clip you softly beneath;
A sweeter voice may charm, as it woos my;
The melting of that soft heart within yours,
Will then, in happiness, be changed to one huge;
You'll think of long past scenes and happier hours,
And wish perhaps—but then, you will forget.

But yet more pure—long weary years must roll,
Mountains may build up space 'twixt thee and
me,
But, oh! my love will cling around thy soul,
Like vined tendrils round a withered tree.
All other changes may give your spirit wings
Leaving no weight but memory and regret;
We'll build in vain—and then you will forget,
For woman's lady love come softer for her

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

While Mr. Howland yet paused the door in a perturbed state of mind, after the servant fog-ging he had given to Andrew, and while he sat down and mused further and long upon the matter, the door of the adjoining room which had been unnoticed, a servant handed him a note. It was from Andrew's brother, and ran as this effect:

"From careful inquiry, I am entirely satisfied that your sons, who threw the stones at Mr. William Wilkins, are acting in self defence, and, therefore, is blameless. Wilkins is a quarrelsome, overbearing man, and has been so for a long time, when your sons struck him they were in the right. The other parties that accused of Wilkins, who would have beaten him severely if it had not protected himself in the way he did before throwing the stones. I would advise Andrew made every effort to get away; failing in this, he cannot do other and to meet the charge. The wounding being disregarded, he must the only course left to him—to leave the city. I say this in justice to your son, and to save him from your displeasure. As for Wilkins, I do not intend to receive him back into my employment."

For a long time Mr. Howland remained seated in the chair he had taken on receiving the brother's note. His thoughts were too much for using agreeable. He had been both unjust and cruel to his child. And now, when he came to the acknowledgment of the fact was out of the question. This would be too humiliating. This would be a triumph that he could not allow. It was weakening of his authority over him. He had done wrong in not listening to his child's explanation; in not waiting until he had heard both sides. But, now that the wrong was done, the fact that he was compromised by having done wrong must not appear. In various ways he sought to justify his conduct. At length he said, half aloud—

"No matter. He deserved it for something else, and has received only his deserts. Let him behave himself properly, and take a proper view of subject of recent concern."

It was not until the cold-hearted father retired, with his own consciousness, this question of wrong towards his child. And yet, he was a man who prayed in his family, and, regularly, with pious observance, attended upon the ordinances of the church. In society he was esteemed a just and rightful man; in the church no one who fired nearer to heaven. As for himself, he believed, that recently towards his boy, and in tolerance of all the weaknesses, errors, and wayward tendencies of childhood, were absolutely needful for the due development of evil in others. Alas! that he, like his race, should be partial sugar towards his children to make the faults so blind his better judgment, and to stifle the genuine appeals of nature. Instead of instructions, forbearance, and a loving effort to lead them in right paths, and make those paths pleasant to their feet; he sternly sought out the faults in them and punished them to go. With what little success, in the case of Andrew, is already apparent.

Angry at the unjust punishment he had received, the boy remained alone in his room until summoned to dinner.

"He doesn't want anything to eat," said the servant, returning to the dining-room where the family were seated at the table.

"Oh, very well," remarked the father, in a tone of indifference, "when he is tired of his pout—"

"Go up, Anna," said Mrs. Howland to the servant, "and tell him that I want him to come down."

That word would have been obeying, for Andrew loved his mother; but Mr. Howland exclaimed hastily—

"No, no! Let him remain. I never humor children of his temper. If he wishes to fast for a while, he can."

Mrs. Howland said no more, but she took only a few mouthfuls of food, and then left the table. Her appetite was gone. After dinner she went to her room, and there, in tears, gave vent to her sorrow. The moment she opened the door she saw Andrew sitting with his face buried in his hands, and his whole body convulsed with grief.

"Indeed, indeed, mother, I was not in blame!" exclaimed the boy, as he saw her enter. "Do believe me, mother, he's a large boy."

"But you might have killed him, Andrew," replied the mother, as she sat down near him, and took his hand, caressingly.

"I had to defend myself, mother. I couldn't let him beat me half to death. And I told him he hung off or I would strike him with the stone. I'm sure I wasn't to blame."

"Why did you not tell your father of this?" asked Mrs. Howland.

"I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't listen to me," said the child, with a tone of indignation in his voice. "And he never will listen to me, mother. He knows every word that is said against me, and does not whether I am guilty or not. I'm sure he hates me!"

"Think! Hush, my boy! Don't say that. Don't speak of your father so!"

"Well, I'm sure he don't love me," persisted Andrew.

"Oh, yes, he does love you. He only does not when it is wrong in you. My son must try to do right, and—"

"I do try, mother; I try almost every day, but, somehow, I never can please father. I don't know what I do wrong, but I always do. I'm always sorry at first; sorry until father whips me, and then I don't feel sorry at all. I don't feel sorry now for whipping him. Only I'm sorry I told father wasn't always so cross!"

While Andrew thus talked, his mother leaned over, and, at last, her own tears flowed over his cheeks, and, at last, she gathered her child closely to her bosom. At last she said, in a kind, earnest voice—

"I've brought you a nice sackful of potatoes and onions, Andrew."

"Have you, mother?" replied the boy, and I'd just go and look at them a little while. I've been here doing anything wrong, sir."

"Wrong! Isn't disobedience wrong? Here's I forbidden you, over and over again, to leave the yard, without my consent? And you've been out half-an-hour! he enjoyed the music and military evolutions. Mr. Howland was pleased.

"Where have you been, sir?" was the stern question that greeted him as he came in.

"Out in the street, father," replied Andrew.

"Who gave you permission to go?"

"No one, sir. I heard the music, and thought

Miscellaneous.

PARIS AND THE OPERA.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

New Publications.

The Markets.

Clippings.

☞ From the following memorandum it would appear that the Boston Post is not issued on Sundays, or on odd days, to suit us in any case. A young lady in Boston, who is a member of Dr. Adams's "Church of the Pentecost," (The Prodigal Son,) which is fragrant with ancient lore: "Read the Prodigal," is not content with the Sunday issue of the Post, but insists that it must be published every day, or else I doubt that bold wise witches it suspect that the idea is taken from the Sunday issue. This church has a great many members in Boston. There was a great many invited to the cost for the Prodigal Son in Atlanta, Ga., and there was a great many invited to the cost for the Prodigal Son in London. I am a poor judge, but I should say the Music is very fine.

This is a dozen of Austins out of Spanish. Such a medley of drinking and praying, dancing and music, inter-mixed and indiscriminate, was never before witnessed, at least there was not a single instance of the kind that we have read of. Such performers were at once on the stage. The standard of morality appeared to be very low. The standard of morality appeared to be very low. The standard of morality appeared to be very low. The standard of morality appeared to be very low. The standard of morality appeared to be very low.

☞ Lord Wittgenby d'Greedy has fitted up a splendid mansion for the accommodation of his tenants,—each of whom has received a notification from his Lordship to visit the World's Fair.

☞ The following is Aunt Betsey's description of a gentleman: "He is the meanest man in the world!" she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over, and skims the bottom, and then he blows the cream and then he divides it into ten parts, carefully skimming each part."

☞ A little boy, on coming home from a certain church where he had seen a preson pretending to play on organ, said to his mother: "Mamma! I wish you had been at church to-day, to see the fun—a man pumping music out of an organ-stool!"

☞ "Dear sir," lisped a great lady in a recent letter to the World "I am sorry to have given you to inform me if there are any orchestras in the United States?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the Sad Dramatist, who was devoting his whole attention to a cosmic fracture, "and I'm one of them."

☞ During the recent Census in England, the ancient dame returned herself as "Congregational Minister," meaning, in correct language, Dissenter.

☞ The Marquis of Waterford has bought the furniture for his new house from Thomas, exhibiting at the Crystal Palace, at a price of £67,700.

☞ Life is a good deal like a pair of breeches: the nearer bottom at the shiny seem away, and at last will need more lengthened from a supernumerated pipe-stem, then youth ever found at Rogers' or purchased at Hastings.

☞ The Austrian government ordered to quit La Paz, Lower California, on suspicion that they were the crews of the others they left at Mazatlan, and that they were the crews of the others they left at Mazatlan. I know that the reason they do is not explained by rumors and presumptions not at the root of much trouble. We will keep an eye on the matter, and see if there is not some other will pretend that it is essentially peaceful? I can find to see that the most essential principle of peace is the principle of peace with the audience—that nearly all the applause be given to the audience, and that the audience be ready to favor a liberal display of the person commonly the little knot of blood "sleepers" to the exclusion of the gift. If there were more applause to the audience, there were few or no sleepers to be aroused.

If the Opera is ever to become an element of social life and enjoyment in New York, I do not think it will be found in the Academy. Many who take their daughters to witness without special concern or sensation, I do not know how many, the Opera as a social affair, as a means, I have this to say. Its entire, palpable, unmistakable object is to display fashion on a given occasion before the instant of Forty-four strengthened by setting it; to many, it must, in the course of things, be associated with such repetitions of delight, that it will not be regretted that the spectacle. It is no marvel that the French are remarkable for their social science of the existence and obligations of Marriage, if this is a part of their home-training.

I came away at the close of the third act, taking two more to be performed. The play is founded on the story of Faust, but had a very recent issue.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The report that the Mabie members drug themselves overboard every half mile, so as to lower the tug boat, is wholly without foundation.

MEMBERS OF MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

THE NEW COSTUME.

THE WIFE OF GARIBALDI.

THE MORMONS.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

A BAD SIGN.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

MILK.

A CORRECTION.

TEA.

PAINE'S NEW LIGHT.

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON.

LITERARY MATTERS.

Miscellaneous.

A CUNNING SLEEPER.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

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General News.

MARTYRS OF FREEDOM.

The Fugitive Slave Law, and the Kansas-Nebraska Abortion Act, were interesting details of the creation created by the various governments which gave birth to them. Two bottles of water and a cracker, it seems to them guaranteed to half a million of freemen.

While fifty or six days the noble but unfortunate exiles pining Cuba's Florida, and several of his companions, were transported to the dark dungeons of the Island of Cuba—where, says one letter, sudden death was hanged in chains, and left to rot in the air, which held their bodies, with rough shirts that increase the sufferings of the day, and in the cold nights, they remained deprived of everything that could make life endurable. They were not to be born ground in preference to old straw beds. While, however, the Spanish Consul at Cuba was actively, officious in transportable remark, and the Spanish Minister at Washington was using his powerful influence with the Cuban Government, the Spanish Minister at Washington was using his powerful influence with the Cuban Government, the Spanish Minister at Washington was using his powerful influence with the Cuban Government,

Selected Poetry.

[illegible]

A. G. GRANT.

A Leaf from History

THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

The South Sea Company, founded in 1711, by the political progress, and at once became a formidable rival to the Bank of England. The object of the "Mad Projector" was to obtain the monopoly of a trade supposed to be enormously lucrative, and to relieve the National Debt, which had been increased by the expenses of the war of the Spanish Succession. The Company was to take over £9,000,000 of the debt, and to receive £600,000 per annum, and by means of enormous rebates, Tory Members and their friends were to be allowed to subscribe for the new stock at £70 instead of £100. Nothing, however, in the nature of Spain was to be conceded to the new Company, and the Treaty of Utrecht, which was signed in 1713, only granted the Company one ship of 500 tons burden to trade with the Spanish Main. Nevertheless, the Company went on with its operations, and, by means of enormous rebates, Tory Members and their friends were